THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 6. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1869. PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

THE British Constitution, with all its historic memories and venerable antecedents, was, we were told, on its trial some years ago. From that ordeal it has emerged triumphant—let its enemies and censors say their worst. Just now, in other parts of Europe, Constitutional Government is subjected to a severe trial, and what the result may be we cannot as yet determine with any approach to certainty. In fact, the prospects are, on the whole, gloomy rather than otherwise. In France, for example, there is a spick-and-span new Constitution, worked out by a consummate artist in the craft, and carefully fitted for the clients whose "measure" he has scientifically taken. But the actual fitness of the political garment can only be ascertained by "trying it on"—and this operation has been postponed, for no legitimately assignable cause, until the 29th of November. Meantime, the prospective weavers of the Constitution are impatient—and in some quarters vociferous—while the outside European world in general feel much natural anxiety as to the consequences to its neighbours which may be apprehended from any explosion among the closely packed and highly sensitive mass of Parisian combustibles.

In Spain, again, there has been something like a Constitution, subjected to something like a trial for a twelve-month. Being utterly tired and thoroughly disgusted with the rule of their female Sovereign, the Spaniards have tried to do without any Sovereign at all. For a Republican form of government, on the other hand, this country is quite unfit, and with the exception of a diminutive pack of *doctrinaire* enthusiasts, no recognised chief or leader of any political section has ventured to suggest such an arrangement. Yet the Kingdon of Spain has gone begging abroad; while at home, no hints have been given that any one of the prospective or possible candidates would enlist on his behalf a majority of suffrage sufficient to maintain him on the throne with any prospect of permanence in his rule or of influence as a ruler. This is the Spain of to-day. By every day's telegrams we learn that its Constitution has been violated in one quarter or ignored at another; and the authorities themselves, who hold their offices under the Constitution, have just acted under compulsion in temporarily "suspending" Constitutional privileges in the face of a rampant and extending spirit of insurrection. What the end will be cannot be prognosticated, and, in fact, depends upon issues which no foreigner can compute. At present, the result depends, so far as we can see, upon the army. The army means, of course, the soldiers of which it is composed. These soldiers, as Spaniards, act at various times under various impulses. Sometimes they follow a leader—sometimes an "idea." One day they will be subservient to discipline, and be contented with their very moderate pay; to-morrow they will thirst for plunder, and never stop firing until they fancy themselves masters of the political situation. And then, if by chance they have "mastered" it, they do not know what to do with it—or with the commander whose orders they have obeyed during the battle, but whom they utterly ignore as soon as the scrimmage is over, and even though a victory has been won.

The "state of the Serpentine" has been a great topic of interest during the past week. Just now, indeed, that state cannot be considered a pleasant one—it is, in fact, most offensive in, and to, every sense. The water has been let off, and a century's collection of fetid slime left exposed to the air and sun of an exceptionally hot October. Hence have germinated numerous letters to the papers wherein "Mater" shrinks over the danger which her nurselings must encounter from the noisome effluvia they may imbibe while taking their matutinal walk in the park, and "Medicus" expresses his wrath at a breach of the sanitary law, which at the same time, and as looked at from a business point of view, he cannot regard with entire displeasure. All the writers, however, insist in blaming the "authorities," whoever they may be, for allowing such a condition of affairs to exist at all, or at any rate, to continue for more than a day or two, especially when the abnormal heat of the weather is taken into consideration. Now, in this indiscriminating censure we are bound to say that much injustice has been done to the "authorities." If the work of cleansing the Serpentine is somewhat delayed, the delay has chiefly been caused by this very condition of the thermometer. For the Serpentine is not a new subject either for "Medicus" or "Mater." Years ago the Hyde Park lakelet had reached a state of which it could only be said that it must be much worse before it could be made any better. While kept full of water the surface looked smiling and sparkling enough. But "thought shrunk from all that lurked below," and which, nevertheless, had to be practically approached, and handled, and got rid of somehow or other. The job is necessarily dirty, disgusting, and slow. Its accomplishment, morever, depends a good deal upon time and seasons. It cannot be attempted during the fashionable season, while London is full and the Row thronged; it must not be tried during hot weather, when the inevitable effluvia might become not only noisome but pestilential, and it would be most disastrously interrupted by a frost. Thus it has happened that the water was not drained away until October, and if this October had followed the example of its predecessors in showing an "average" temperature, the vast mess of slime might have been dealt with, and by this time perhaps altogether cleared away. But the weather has been hot, and the "authorities" have wisely postponed dealing with an unsavoury mass which, until the thermometer falls many degrees, had upon every account be much better left unstirred.

THE MAN AT MUDIE'S.

TOURIST LITERATURE.—IV.

THERE is no department of more importance in the production of a guide-book, or more neglected in the guide-book as at present produced, than what we may call the "Art Department"—namely, its maps, plans, and illustrations generally. As for the "illustrations," as engravings supposed to convey any notion of the local scenery, they are, with scarcely an exception, beneath contempt. The wood-cuts purporting to depict the "rocking stone," or somebody's "Hol," or the something "Chine," or the anything parade, with profile views of the Great Ormes Head, a prospective sight of the Gipston Promenade, belong to the lowest rank of artistic execution. More commonly they are taken from wood blocks, already old and battered, which have done long service in previous publications, and were originally very clumsily cut, and upon a very diminutive scale. As works of art they are infinitely below the ordinary sketches of the *Illustrated News*, for example. And even if their landscape illustrations had ever been useful, their day of utility is passed away. Photography has altogether superseded them. If the tourist visitor to any place wants to see what the "Head," or the "Hol," or the "Chine," or any other of the locations, is like; or if after seeing them he wishes to carry away some memento for the benefit of his friends, he has an ample choice of stereoscopic slides representing the real thing, upon almost any scale he pleases, instead of the blotchy and "fancy" sketch he finds in his guide-book.

In the articles of maps and plans the tourist everywhere finds the supply woefully insufficient. It is bad in quality and scanty in quantity. The maps are drawn on a very small scale, so small that all sorts of indications of bye-roads and devious lanes—to say nothing of the mere "bridle" paths and walks pursuable only to the pedestrian—are entirely omitted. And this is a serious omission. It has fallen within our own experience to discover that many drives or walks, of wide circuit, and varied scenery might be taken from our tourist's abode without ever passing over the same ground, or even once encountering a "turn-pike." But for this discovery, we had to rely either upon our personal intelligeuce and acumen or upon the acumen and intelligence of the local charioteer whom we hired for the day with the vague instruction to take us somewhere where we could see something. The guide-book furnished us with no instruction in laying out our course, and with very imperfect information as to details, as we went our circuits, on foot, or horseback, or in some sort of carriage, according to our personal capabilities or domestic belongings. In either case, the tourist seeks for information which his local guide-book never affords; or, if it seems to afford, sometimes does so in a very misleading way. It is recorded, for example, that a pedestrian tourist, relying upon his guide-book, chose to spend his night and recruit his energies at the "Traveller's Rest," which he found set down on his map as a point presenting a most convenient position for the end of one day's work and the beginning of another. When he got there he found, to his great discomfiture, that the traveller was expected to "rest" upon a stone bench placed upon a bleak mountain side, and some ten miles distance from the nearest shelter of any sort.

One invariable and yet very prevalent fault in the ordinary guide-book maps is that they are made to *fold*. Now, a "folding" map is a cruelty and an abomination to the tourist. No doubt he obtains, by this barbarous contrivance, a chart drawn upon a somewhat larger scale than might otherwise be inserted in his "book." But he thus obtains what he rarely wants, and under circumstances which render it practically useless, even if he wanted it. If in planning his day's route the traveller actually wishes to obtain some knowledge of topographical details, he will find a "county-map," hung up in the upper room of his hotel, or in the local library, ready to be consulted at leisure. From this he may lay down his bearings, or take his points of departure. But in the guide-book which he carries with him, and wishes to refer to *en route*, the map, which must be unfolded to be looked at, and then folded again to be put away, is an unmitigated nuisance. It is at once too large and too small. Then he wishes to use it in a railway or other carriage, on the deck of a steamer, or the top of a breezy hill. These are conditions of constant occurrence and special difficulty. The map requires much dexterity to open, and infinite skill and patience to shut it up again properly. It is blown about by the wind while expanded, and worn out at the edge when closed. And after all, in nine cases out of ten, it does not present a trace of the particular guidance he wants at the time.

With regard to the "plans" which form a conspicuous ingredient in every hand-book, our only objection is that, so far as our own country is concerned, they are utterly useless. What tourist in Yorkshire, for example, cares to look for a moment at the well-executed plan of York, or Leeds, or Halifax. Some special plan may, no doubt, be available for special classes, as, for instance, a plan of Doncaster would have rendered good service a few weeks since to many hundred tourists—or a plan of Chester, with the Rhoodee as its central point. But these are exceptions lying quite outside the range of guide-book information.

The author of a guide-book, if he wishes to make his work what it ought to be, should adopt as a golden rule the maxim that one page of map properly done is worth five pages of letterpress. And he will have no excuse if his maps are not well done. The materials are all ready at hand. In the "Ordnance Survey" series he can find everything he wants, and much more. The official charts are purchasable for a few shillings, and published upon several scales, so that his work is merely confined to the task of saluting, retrenching, and omitting, as the case may be. Details of merely local interest may be left to be described in print; and here the author must exhibit his own powers in the way of graphic delineation and judicious advice. There is an ample field for such display. Tourists swarm about the world—here in thousands, there in ten thousand. They seek for advice and guidance on all sides—for "guide-books" which shall be useful, and yet neither dear nor cumbrous. They have, in fact, a "Literature" of their own, and have thus established a demand for which hitherto the supply is lamentably deficient, both in quantity and in quality.

IN THE BOARD-ROOM.

"THE Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company" was but in name only a creation of Charles Dickens's imaginative brain. It was in the year 1844 that *Martin Chuzzlewit* was written, just three years before the Railway mania collapsed, and yet Anglo-Bengalees flourish now, far stronger, far more dangerous, possessing ideas of spoliation and means of carrying them out not thought of, or if thought of, not in the power of Tigg Montague, Esq., to put into practice. The "Anglo-Bengalee" was, after all, a coarse and brutal robbery of the public; its successors now are far greater robbers, but they do it in a more gentlemanly way. The last ten years have seen so many swindles arise, flourish for a time, and then retire into the Court of Chancery, to be denuded of every shilling of uncalled capital, that we consider the time has arrived when the inner life of a board-room as it exists, even in three-fourths of the companies now on their legs should be made known. We will take, for example, the "Universal Loan, Discount. and Advance Company, Limited," as a type of what we mean. Of course, such a Company has no existence in name, but the cap will fit three-fourths of the companies, railway, mining, banking, discounting, and miscellaneous, that now disfigure the Stock Exchange list. We will show in the present article how the Company was got up, how the public were induced to subscribe to it, how the directors did their duty to their shareholders in the board-room, how well the ordinary meetings went off, *vide* the public Press; and finally, in a second one, "In Chancery," how it got into court on a winding-up order. Well, the Company was first mooted by a man, or an apology for one, of no profession or business in particular, but who was known as "a financial agent," in conversation with some sharp man of business as he was taking his chop at his club. This man of business was a sharp pratising solicitor, who was solictor to some dozen Companies of the same kidney, and the bargain was struck on the following terms. The attorney, conditionally on obtaining a couple of directors, was to be appointed solicitor to the Company, and take one-third of the promotion money; and as the capital was £1,000,000, in 20,000 shares of £50 each, "of which it was proposed to issue but 10,000 at first, and only call up £25 a share," the promotion money certainly reached the modest sum of £10,000. The attorney then proceeded to obtain his men for the Board, and the financial agent to do likewise. The first man the attorney went to was Sir Matthew Pumpkin, Bart, M.P., a director of some dozen and a-half other Companies, but one who was always ready to join a fresh one, provided his qualification was found, as it would be in this case, being provided for out of the promotion money. Sir Matthew being secured, the prospectus was forthwith concocted and issued "for private circulation only," with the Baronet's name on it as Chairman, and the two or three (not more) other directors obtained by the financial agent and attorney together, all with their qualifications given them; and the first portion of the business was complete. In a week or ten days, by assiduous touting, four or five money directors—some respectable men—were secured, who were not provided for, but paid for their qualification, and the Board of eight members was *un fait accompli*. All this was a very easy matter some three or four years since—it is not so easy now. The Company being thus established, temporary offices secured, and some poor devil of a relation of the attorney, put in as secretary *pro tem.*, a meeting was fixed to consider matters before the public were allowed to "rush" for the shares. The first meeting of the new Board was a very ludicrous one. Sir Matthew Pumpkin only knew those "knowing birds" who, like himself, had their qualification given them—the others met each other for the first time, and never knew until the winding-up came on how many of their colleagues were paid for. Of course, some nutty sherry and crisp biscuits were consumed, and the manager, who had been decoyed away by the financial agent from a rival company at a salary, exclusive of commission, of £500 per annum, proceeded to show his directors what a success the Company must be. The solicitor obtained his instructions to prepare the articles of association, in which there was to be a special provision that the directors were to remain in office for three years certain, and divide amongst them, until the Company paid 10 per cent., £5,000 a-year. The next meeting was fixed for that day week for their consideration, and in the meantime the manager, through his friends in the City, got it put about in the papers "that in a few days an undertaking "would be announced well entitled to the support "of the public, and which was calculated to "supply a want that had long been felt in the "City. Its object was advances on *bona-fide* "security, and it also purposed embarking in bill-"discounting. The Board was a highly respect-"able one, and had names on it which would "secure the confidence of the public. In an-"ticipation of the prospectus, the shares of the "'Universal Loan and Discount Company, "Limited,' have already been dealt in at a "premium of £1 to £2 at the Stock Exchange." Passing over the three or four meetings that took place before all was settled, by which time the directors began to know each other, having lunched well every time they met, we come to the issue of the prospectus to the public, which was advertised in all the daily papers and all the weekly ones, great and small, at a cost of some £2,000. Laudatory paragraphs appeared in all of them, for reasons best known to the proprietors and City editors; the shares were quoted at a premium of 1 to 2, when not one could have been sold at par, before the public had time to subscribe for a share. Announcements appeared shortly to the effect that more than the capital was subscribed, and that in a week the list would be closed. At the end of that time the shares were all allotted *in full* to every applicant amongst the public, the directors simply taking their qualification, and having at least half the capital unallotted on their hands, and the shares were quoted on the allotment day at a nominal discount of £3 on £5 paid. Of course, provision had been made in the articles of association that if half the first issue of shares only was subscribed the Company could commence business, and so the "Universal Loan Discount and Advance Company, Limited," was in full swing.

At the next meeting of the Board, the banker's book was gone over, and the allottees found to have cashed up remarkably well — a result entirely attributable, firstly, to the false and favourable statements drawn up by the manager, *and circulated through the Press;* and secondly, to the *equally false statements of the Press* (also *supplied by* the manager) that the shares were quoted on the Stock Exchange at a premium of from £1 to £2. The promotion money (a gigantic fraud on the shareholders) was then considered and paid nominally to the financial agent, who, of course, sent cheques the following day to the attorney, Sir Matthew Pumpkin, Bart., and the three other "qualified" directors. Defrauding the shareholders having thus commenced in earnest, the course of business was struck out, the manager reported the progress made, and the next meeting of the Board was fixed for that day week; but before they dispersed, a finance committee was appointed, consisting of Sir Matthew Pumpkin and two of the qualified directors, and it was after that minute had been entered in the books, that the Company may be said to have commenced running down the hill to destruction, for in those three directors' hands and the managers' the whole business of the Company was for ever after concentrated. Before we proceed further we will take a glance at the members constituting the Board. Sir Matthew Pumpkin, Bart., M.P., we have already described, but he may be briefly summed up as a gentleman without any means of subsistence beyond his fees as director of endless Companies—a man, in fact, with nothing to lose, not even his reputation, for he was well known in "the House" as "an advanced Liberal,"—a man for whose pocket or character no Member would "advance" anything that would benefit either the one or the other. The three other paid directors were an attorney, a seedy railway director, and a railway contractor; the four gentlemen who paid their way, were a retired merchant, two guinea pigs, and a second son of Earl Hardup. All the important questions of "advances" were decided by the Finance Committee, who referred them to the Board for confirmation; and as the guinea pigs knew nothing whatever of the business, they voted with the Committee on everything—the retired merchant and the second son of Earl Hardup making a wretched minority of two. It is needless to say Sir Matthew Pumpkin and his three colleagues obtained large advances for themselves during the first six months (the ordinary meeting of the Company not taking place, according to the articles of association until nine months after its establishment), and the seedy railway director and the railway contractor each helped himself liberally for his railway and his contracts.

Before the first meeting of the Company, £15 per share had been called up, but that mattered not to Sir Matthew and the Finance Committee, they having nothing to pay, their shares being fully paid up by the promoters, but their price on the Stock Exchange had fallen to 12 to 10 discount. Many rumours had been heard about the falling fortunes of the concern, *but none had found their way into the Press*, and the first meeting of the Company was expected to go off trippingly, as a most favourable report had been issued, and the proxies for the Board had come in "wonderfully well." However, after the "acceptance or rejection of the report" had been put to the meeting, a shareholder from the country got up, and alluded to one rumour amongst others, that the directors had obtained large advances on their personal security, and to another that the Company had already made a great many bad debts, and was, in fact, doing a risky business. The chairman, of course, flatly denied that any director had received any advance except on *bonâ fide* security, such as would be accepted by the Bank of England, and also assured the shareholders that their manager—a gentleman in whose enterprising industry and in whose honour and integrity he and his colleagues had the most implicit faith—was turning away business on account of its doubtful nature, and only doing that which was safe and remunerative. The countryman had to sit down therefore, although not before he had asked the nature of the directors' securities, of course not getting any reply. Another shareholder then got up, and wished to know if it was true that the directors had received their qualifications, but he was silenced by the second son of Earl Hardup, who repudiated the idea with scorn, he being in the happy position of having paid up but £3 of the £15 called. Both these complaining shareholders' remarks *were missing* in the

reports of the daily and weekly papers, so the poor shareholders at a distance were in happy ignorance of them, or of the rumours that gave rise to them. A speech or an inquiry antagonistic to the directors is *never seen* in a newspaper until the Company is about breaking up, and the query of the little child to her mother on going through a churchyard, "Where are the naughty people buried?" applies to fault-finding speeches at general meetings of shareholders. Where are they reported? Echo indeed answers, "Nowhere!"

The report and accounts were then received and adopted, and a vote of thanks to the chairman "for so ably conducting the meeting" was carried unanimously. And here for the present we take leave of the Universal Loan, Discount, and Advance Company, Limited. In our next number we shall follow it to its bitter end—the winding-up court.

AT ALMA MATER.

EVERYTHING has an end, even the Long Vacation. Of this University men have been for the last week or two reminded by the University intelligence in the papers and the daily drawing-in days. To-day active term begins at Oxford, and the old college quads are awake again after their long slumber, the freshman enters on a new existence, and the Don returns to his philosophy and his '47.

Some persons who can never let well alone, endeavour to prove from time to time that our University Long Vacation is a standing iniquity, and should be cut down to nobody knows how many days and hours. With such a proposition of robbery as this we cannot agree, for where in after life can a man, with justice to his profession, find time for comparing notes abroad for social refinement at home—for doing, in short, any of those thousand and one things which a man does in his Long Vacation? It may be the only opportunity he is ever likely to get for anything of this sort. June to October inclusive is the very flower of the year, and one may go pretty nearly round the world in that time, and return to Alma Mater just in time to defy the November fogs with stories of the "Long," and the sight of one's friends' physionomy and "Phiz." And who would not, if he could, be a University man? No one, we are sure, if he knew its advantages beforehand; yet there are many whose means will allow, but whose parents will not permit to enjoy the advantages of a gentlemanly education, but are rather hurried away from school into the business of life, because it is decided for them that instant money-making is of more importance than manners, and figures than refinement.

We refer, of course, especially and entirely to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. We look upon the other institutions of an apparently similar kind with which the country abounds almost in the light of impositions. They confer degrees, it is true; but in many cases it is a grave doubt as to whether a man is a degree better or worse for the distinction he has attained. We protest against the indiscriminate way in which Oxford and Cambridge hoods are used now-a-days—sometimes by accident, sometimes by design, sometimes by the force of an "*ad eundum*," or a Canterbury degree; and one cannot tell by observation whether a man has studied for or stolen the emblem of education on his back. It will readily be conjectured from the foregoing that Oxford is *our* "Alma Mater," and it is on one or two features of Oxford University life we wish to speak.

Every one does and should glory in his University surroundings as *they are*; and it is very grievous to think that, with a few exceptions, anything may undergo a change. We say *may*, because we do not think that any positive change *will* take place, at least in our lifetime. And in this we are more sanguine than the writer of an article in this month's *London Society*, of which we shall say something presently. The Universities, then—or, at least, everything worth preserving in them—may be, in such times as these, "reformed" away. First of all, perhaps, our manly sports and pastimes may be done away with, as it is the opinion of many they are inconsistent with a course of study, the only requisite for the formation of a man's character. Then, maybe, our scholarships, our fellowships (but the dons will die hard), our endowments of every kind will be reduced to a minimum, and the surplus applied to the education of lunatics. Our college gates may be thrown open to men of any or no creed whatever, divinity may be lost in democracy, and respectability in a republic. All these things *may* happen. But we do not despair of our University or country; moreover, nothing much less than a revolution would effect it.

This leads us to remark upon a feature of University life which pleases us most: it is the prominence there of undergraduate Conservatism. This is a thing for any admirer of the Constitution to be proud of. If it is denied to him the pleasure of seeing a Conservative majority in the House of Commons, the next best thing is to see it in those who will at no distant time compose the House of Commons. The shrieks in the Sheldonian and the debates in the Union prove this to any "outsider;" but common conversation after college wines proves it sometimes even forcibly to those present. At the last general election it was quite amusing to notice how the claims of the gentleman's candidate for the city were put forth in verse at every comic entertainment during term:—

> "And now, my boys, we'll all go in,
> Dr. Dean, Dr. Dean!
> Heads or tails, he's bound to win;
> Hurrah for Dr. Dean!"

It so happened he was "bound to lose;" but still the song held good as far as the University was concerned; and were the question of the Fenian prisoners to be decided there, their position would be in no wise altered for the better, but rather any mode of extermination would meet with approval. We ourselves should be rather inclined to see them run the gauntlet down any large thoroughfare in the kingdom. If they prefer a classic death, let it be down the "High." But to return.

A word on College Tuition. Now surely the levy for this not always very brilliant article is in excess. Whether a man intends to read as a classman, passman, or not at all, each term's "battells" exhibit an enormous item for college tuition. And what after all is the style of a college lecture? We cannot allow that "the old race of don has died out;" and it is quite the exception to gain more information from a college lecture, whether it be conducted by the youthful or aged, than one could readily obtain in one's own rooms from a series of Bohn's translations. We are quite sure the majority of pass lectures are useless. If tuition is really required, a "tenner" must be invested and more exclusive services retained. Perhaps the best thing about them is that they may readily be cut, and the only notice taken of such a course when next pupil and teacher meet is, "Really, Mr. So-and-so, you must attend my lectures regularly or not at all." And very frequently is the latter alternative jumped at. We know personally many men who attribute their undisputed passage through the schools to their invariable absence from these dry expositions. Sometimes the only connexion that exists between tutor and tutored amounts to a positive disconnexion. We refer to that childish system adopted by many incensed instructors, of forcing a man to cannibalism by crossing him at kitchen and at buttery. We can only account for such a method as this by supposing that since to many of the tutorial body one of the primary considerations of the day is the proper digestion of their dinners, they desire to appeal to a similar feeling in others. In our opinion the sooner this carnally-minded proceeding is done away with the better. Whether the youthful don be an improvement in college we do not give a decided opinion about, but we are almost sure he is not anything of the kind when he comes to preside over those torture chambers of the Universities, the "schools." We should say the number of men annually deprived of their feathers is double what it was five years ago. When a youthful don gets into the schools, he feels the honours of his position thick upon him; he considers it incumbent upon himself not to allow much more than half of his prey to delight in a testamur, and we think the spirit of fairness and impartiality is in far better keeping in the hands of a more aged representative of learning. What a series of recollections does the very name of schools excite! It must be acknowledged it *does* require courage of no ordinary sort to walk about the quadrangles of the schools white-chokered and choked *æquo animo;* and in our opinion a man who can go through the "start" of the bumping races and "the start" of any University examination without a certain amount of nervousness could go through any ordeal in the world. To enter upon *vivâ voce* must seem to many half *dead* with fear a strange misnomer. To such a man his examiner for the time being becomes his personal enemy, and it is certainly very rarely we hear "anything to their advantage" to counterbalance the many dreadful acts which are currently reported against them. One instance of clemency (we think mistaken clemency) we will give.

A poor passman had been floundering about in the waters of the Greek and Latin languages with the eye of his enemy on him. He was evidently in the last stage of consumption by fear, and it was only with great difficulty that at last something was extracted from him, and he was "Thank you'd; that will do." The examiner—we need hardly say of the "old school"—made up his mind he could just give him his testamur, when, lo! on emerging from the schools his late victim was heard to boast somewhat in the following way:—"Those cursed examiners tried all they could to plough me, but damme if they could." This sort of thing would have been fatal to most men, but thanks to the good nature of the examiner—who considered, we suppose, he ought never to have heard this unseemly expression—he got his testamur.

Another branch of the executive body, "the bobbies," claims our attention for a moment. It is only a year since they were a meagre set of decrepid creatures, grown old in doing nothing, who were wont to bear bonneting bravely and chaff cheerily; now, however, *tempora* are indeed *mutantur*, and it is only very recently that one or two undergraduates were put in durance vile till bailed out for going a little too far with one of those gentlemen in blue. This, we think, is falling rather into the other extreme, but the University *did* deserve more than the guardianship of half an inefficient policeman by day and three-quarters of him by night.

The writer of the article in *London Society* considers, as we have said, that Oxford "as it is" is very different from what it was, and he quotes the opinion of Sweet William of the Mitre. Now, we have no doubt whatever that Sweet William could write as excellent a treatise on the upper portion of the "High," from the people to the paving stones, as any one living. He is absolutely inseparable from the street in which his hotel is situated, and we cannot recall to our mind the front view of the Mitre without the corresponding portion of Sweet William's irreproachable white shirt. But we should say there his experience ceases. As for there being fewer dinners and suppers at his establishment we think that is quite accounted for by the fact that the Mitre no longer enjoys the monopoly it did, and we would just as soon, or even rather, feed at the Randolph or the old-fashioned Cross. The same writer goes on to propheey what would amount to the complete demoralisation of the University.

He speaks of the middle-class tone of Queen's College, and believes it is a fair type of what the University will assume in a few years. He can only say "absit omen," for what, in the name of all that is respectable, when the general tone of Oxford is middle-class, will the tone of Queen's College be? We confess we cannot see why Queen's is going to leaven the whole University. It is very far indeed from any such influence at present, and we hope ever will be. It is all very well to talk about the nationalisation of the Universities; the thing sounds very grand in concep-

tion, but its effect would be an educational disaster. The "masses" may be about to govern the country; it is a large place, and their ignorance and incapacity would be spread over a very great extent of ground. But that they should ever form part or parcel of a circumscribed intellectual community, that they should attempt to graduate where the grade is so fearfully superior to their own, is contrary to any preconceived idea of level or of learning. It may be said the middle-class have as much right to be educated, and much more necessity, but there are several other Universities at which we think the middle and even the lower classes could with very great propriety matriculate. Let Oxford and Cambridge remain as they ever have been, Universities for gentleman, and let us hear no more gloomy forebodings of their democracy and decay.

To return for one moment to the vacation. Two movements of interest to Oxonians have taken place, and we wish very briefly, and we hope without encroaching on the rights of the "Man in the Stalls" or "On the River," to give our opinion on the production of *Formosa* and the defeat of the Americans.

First, then, *Formosa*. Now the very termination signifies that it is full of something or other, but whether the more of unreality or immorality, we are almost at a loss to determine. It is an excellent race between these two virtues; they are never clear of one another, and it would require a more accurate judge of boat-racing than Sir Aubrey Paul to discover which had won. We think, perhaps, that the stakes should be awarded to more decent, but less truthful, of these wonderful competitors.

Still the public go to see it, and no wonder—they are in fact the authors; it is under their patronage that the drama has become dirt and sense sensation. The play is a burlesque and a libel on University life, and we wonder Mr. Boucicault did not take the trouble to ascertain from observation or instruction one or two of the real incidents of the University boat-race.

A word on the recent international affair at Putney, and we have done.

We are daily expecting to see some extract from some Yankee paper boldly announcing that Harvard *did* win. This must be the next step in their eagerness to show how nearly their countrymen were "beating the Oxfords." We have seen a paragraph from *Wilkes's Spirit of the Times*. We know nothing personally of Mr. Wilkes, but his spirit must certainly be an evil one,—at least one of the most gigantic insolence and exaggeration.

The Americans were "out of it" from beginning to end, and we are sure Mr. Willan must have sat in sackcloth for a day or two after his assertion at the "London dinner" that he never rowed a harder race. Surely these complimentary after-dinner speeches are a mistake. Year after year does Oxford win, and have to apologise for it immediately afterwards in a set speech, and it is far better that these entertainments should be done away with altogether than be made the occasion of such empty flattery. That Harvard could have beaten a Cambridge crew we do not quite believe, though the Americans take it for granted; but it would have been a fine race, a result which the magnificent character of the Oxford four entirely precluded. It is an honour to any man to be represented by such a four. We admire the pluck of our "American cousins," but we cannot pity them, for they thought to overthrow the picked crew of the finest University in the world.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE "DRUNK" AT A WEST END RESTAURANT.—We have often heard "drinks" asked for at restaurants by funny names. Thus "Stout and Porter" is always called for as "Cooper," and "Old and Bitter" as "Mother-in-Law"; but the other day we were mystified by a gentleman sitting by our side demanding of the waiter, in loud tones, his usual draught of "John Bright." Our curiosity was awakened, and only satisfied when the waiter brought a pewter full of some liquor, and, putting it down on the table beside him, said, 'Stout and Bitter' for you, sir."

At the late battle of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" in Wall-street, the contest, according to the Bulls, wore a "hug-ly" look at first, but the question of victory soon became a mere "toss-up."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A VICTIM.—We cannot advise you. It may seem unfeeling to say so, but we fear you must consult a solicitor.

ACHILLE B.—1. There are several places in the vicinity of Leicester-square where you can dine amply for the sum you mention. (2) It is no use being hypercritical. The sauce, at all events, is excellent.

S. H.—We do not undertake the execution of commissions. Nor do we profess to teach Oordù, the *minuet de la cour*, golf, mental arithmetic, or surveying. Fitting persons may no doubt be found willing and competent to fulfil all these functions. Enquire at the Lord Chamberlain's office.

BARD.—Pray send a cab for your MS. We have really no room in our premises. We will pay all expenses, and give you something for yourself. Only take it away.

A SCOT.—We had been shown the criticism to which you kindly draw our attention. We should as soon think of quarrelling with a toad's-stool.

SPIRITUALIST.—We care not a rap for you. Tell us the winner of the Cambridgeshire, and we will change our note, and give you some of the change.

DUBIOUS (Hartlepool).—Avoid all "Winning Moduses," unless you desire to take an eternal farewell of your money.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1869.

CHIEF among the art treasures of that deservedly slighted collection in Bond-street was a gaudy, full-length portrait of a smug, self-satisfied, amply-whiskered person clad in shining raiment, the gold lace whereof might have been cut with a knife. Now, I know nothing of the distinctive peculiarities of civic attire. I could not, on my oath, tell the difference between a common councilman and a good, rough, average alderman. I have never seen a Lord Mayor in the flesh, nor wot I aught of the mace-bearer, chaplain, or water-bailiff's young man (who *should* be wearer of Doggett's coat and badge) who attend his worshipful footsteps. If I *had* any opinion on the subject it was that the costume of our Chief Magistrate might, perchance, resemble that of a glorified footman—a liveryman of the finest quality; but I knew nothing for certain. It is, therefore, with a certain degree of pride that I call to mind that on seeing the aforesaid work of art I lifted up my voice without a moment's hesitation, and cried, "Lorenzo the Magnificent!" And I *will* say, though I should be led a Martha to the Steak in consequence, a man more like a well-fed draper, who fancied himself a good deal, these eyes never beheld. I have no confidence in Mayors, even in autumn and after Chérie's victory; but my indignation against this particular functionary was aggravated by his revival of the tomfooleries which annually waste a valuable day in the City. Chuckle-headed tea dealers with large calves, who, by an outrageous custom, are thrust into silk stockings and a high legal office, for which their only training has been sugar-sanding, may be necessary to the "safety, honour, and welfare of this realm;" the sickening feasts at which they gorge their adherents may be part and parcel of our Constitutional privileges; the *Giled-'All* itself may be the palladium of our liberties; but in this busy, practical age there can be no necessity to retain the idiotic mummery which compels me to go three miles out of my way to get to the Bank. If the worshipful grocers, and loriners, and cordwainers like this kind of thing, let them, in Heaven's name, hire the Alhambra for a day, and go through their imbecilities before the rabble which now form their audience out of doors. They could charge something at the doors, and divide another tureen full of that calipash which is, after all, the final cause of Lord Mayors. I have heard that Mr. Besley is not—well, quite so *Lord Mayorish* as most of his predecessors. The 9th approaches; let him look to these things. If he do not I would counsel, in all seriousness, that we roll the celebrations of the 5th and the 9th into one, and offer up a Lord Mayor as a burnt sacrifice to the *manes* of Guido. After turtling he would be as good as a tar barrel.

An institution in which I take great interest—the home for lost, starving, and other sad dogs—has been attacked by some evilly-disposed persons, who have not scrupled to denounce this noble canine hospice as a nuisance. It was alleged by the complainants that arrangements for the comfort and convenience of these four-footed gentlemen—and ladies, were the source of much inconvenience to their biped neighbours. These ultra-sensitive persons complained that the friendly circle of 200 or so dogs, some not so well as their friends could desire (all diseases, in fact, except affections of the lungs being present among them), was the cause of much objectionable noise, and smell, and discomfort in a thickly-populated neighbourhood. Dogs can no more exist without food than churchwardens, and yet persons were not wanting to grumble that the preparation of the evening meal for "Rab and his friends," consisting of the boiling of a vast quantity of offal and other delicacies, offended their fine susceptibilities. To crown all, these miscreants, who would doubtless condemn the grateful recipients of Captain Byng's bounty to eternal silence, averred that these eloquent creatures made such a tremendous uproar by day and night as to constitute a legal nuisance. This charge, however, was promptly disposed of by the counsel for the defence, who pointed out that "noise, except that of a man blowing a trumpet in the highway" (gracious Heavens!) was "not a nuisance." They had further the effrontery to inveigh against the useful features of the slaughter and dead houses attached to this valuable institution, and to assert that the public removal of three tons of carcases weekly was not calculated to enhance the sanitary character of the locality. The magistrate, being a wise and humane man, also holding that the smell of offal and greaves were, if anything, rather agreeable and decidedly healthy, that there was no "unnecessary" smell on the premises, and that the practice of howking out 300 defunct curs per week constituted rather an attraction to the neighbourhood, the whole charge was, happily, dismissed. The abode of bliss which has so properly escaped legal interference is situated in Hollingsworth-street, Islington. Houses are cheap. Copy the address.

The *Morning Star* is dead. "Bright" and particular (oh, *so* particular!) in its lifetime, its decease will plunge its thirty-two readers into an eternal mourning, and leave a void in the aching heart of a dozen Manchester men which no amount of Universal News will fill. Cut off so prematurely—the deceased was only in his fifteenth year,—it will be, nevertheless, a source of consolation to his friends (including Beales, M.A.) to know that the lamented Organ stated—perhaps I should say, *ground*—on his deathbed that he had done his duty nobly, and had deserved well of his country. It would even appear that the luminary considered that nothing more remained to be achieved—that the *Star* had no more worlds to enlighten or to conquer, and that its eclipse, in fact, was suicide rather than simple dissolution. Well, the *Star* has been sate upon, but not by a crowner. Its twinkling light has been occasionally put out, but not by that terrible jury which "views the body," and asks insane questions, and refreshes itself at "The Angel and Trumpet." I fear that the melancholy event was due to natural causes; and that if the *Judy* had done its duty "insufficient nourishment" and "inanition" would have figured conspicuously in the wording of its verdict. But from whatever cause, the

Star is dead. The *Telegraph* has flashed about the news, and the *Standard* is half-mast high. At least, it should in decency pay that mark of respect, for it must benefit all "colours" in the pool to know that the "*Star* has gone."

As there are no Stalls proper attached to the building, I shall not interfere with the legitimate province of the Man in them if I offer a few remarks on the re-opening of the Holborn Amphitheatre. If it be not ungrateful to say so, this show is in every respect but one, a vast improvement on one of our boyhood's dreams, the now metamorphosed and translated "Astley's." Yet at one time that structure, known among nurses as "Ashley's," had power by its smell alone to inflame my infant mind to the highest pitch of wonderment and delight. That magic circle with the sawdust neatly raked into a pattern, with its entrances right and left, leading to the secret chambers which harboured those peerless steeds, of whose distant presence one's nose was delightfully conscious, was to me enchanted ground. I knew nothing of the legitimate drama *then* (I was innocent and happy), and I believed *Timour the Tartar* and the *Battle of Waterloo*—in which an ambuscade of four Highlanders in a patch of practicable standing corn six feet square, turned the fortunes of the day—to be the noblest dramatic works in the world. Mr. Gomersall I judged to be the most perfect male exponent of histrionic art since Roscius; an ample matron, whose name I forget, but who was great in Helen Macgregor, passing for the embodiment of all female grace and genius in the same line. But as the drama, pure and simple, was as nothing to the "Scenes in the Circle," so were no mere actors comparable to the peerless genius of the ring—the immortal Widdicomb. I can see him now, wigged, rouged, dyed, padded, scented; his supernaturally white and impossibly plump neck gleaming over an open collar; his white waistcoat and epauletted jacket, his pale blue trousers with the gold stripe, his varnished boots, his *gaillard* air, his chivalrous courtesy, his winning smile. I thought him the goodliest man that these eyes had ever beheld—a thing for gods, and men, and women to admire. Well, well, it is all over. Neither genius, nor learning, nor three and a-half per cent., nor the best two-year-old of the year will lap a man in immortality; and when they fail how can we expect more from pale blue pantaloons and a glossy wig? Widdicomb is not; and it would be misleading the public to pretend that any tolerable successor to that great man is to be found in the youthful rival to the Surrey Circus. In that one respect the Holborn Amphitheatre falls lamentably short of its predecessor. In all other respects, as aforesaid, it far exceeds it. The *troupe*, biped and quadruped, is larger, better trained, and, so far as the latter are concerned, better bred than usual. The stud is not limited, as used to be the case, to those pink-nosed, spotted monsters who tittupped round the ring under that pad which looked so like the top slice of a kettle-drum. There are some good-looking as well as highly-trained steeds among them, and their appearance shows them to be well cared for. Nor are the *artistes* confined to the old class of "horse riders" who leapt over scarves and through hoops, or personated the "Hunter of the Prairies" and the "British Sailor" (three changes). The horses and their riders are both good, while in the estimation of some the acrobats and equilibrists may be thought better than either. A certain contingent will doubtless give the palm to the Italian greyhounds; but when seen I am assured the monkeys will be at the top of the poll. There is something for all, and in every case that something is worth seeing. Without going quite so far as a contemporary, who considers the Holborn Amphitheatre a great educational institution, it is certain that it is a very pleasant and amusing exhibition by which young men and maidens, old men and dragons (which be mothers-in-law) may be harmlessly and cheaply entertained.

I was interested to see that the *Pall Mall Gazette* was "reminded" on Wednesday last of an anecdote about Victor Hugo which appeared in these columns on the preceding Saturday. As the excellent journal in question might feel a delicacy in borrowing from the same source on the same subject at so short an interval, I place the following *historiette*—for the truth of which I can vouch—entirely at its disposal. A young lady wrote not long ago to the author of *Les Travailleurs* in the following terms: "Great master, *you* are my first love, let *me* be your last! Lisette."—To which the "great master" replied: "Charming Lisette—How do *I* know that I am your first love? How do you know that *you* will be my last? V. Hugo."

London Lyrics.

No. V.

THE SENTIMENTAL BOBBY.

O H! cookey, from your area shade
As gazing upwards to the stars,
You see my helmet's badge displayed
Between the envious bars;

Come up and softly ope the gate
That leads me to your arms below:
I hear the rattle of the plate,
I see the embers glow.

I need no bull's-eye's light to guide
My steps down yonder winding stair;
The kitchen door stands open wide,
The covers glisten fair.

A savoury scent assails my nose
As downwards to your arms I hie;
And keener still my relish grows
For love and mutton pie.

Both nurse and housemaid are a-bed,
Till distant break of day to sleep,
And Buttons to his couch has fled
In yon sky parlour steep.

Your missus leaves her drunken mate
To midnight revels all unblest,
As mourning o'er her cruel fate
She courts a broken rest.

The night-light of the lady's maid
Gleams like a mist-surrounded star;
Her hair is done, her prayers are said,
She leaves her door ajar,

That so her master may be sure
As he comes rolling up the stairs,
And not mistake her chamber door
For one that should be "theirs."

Only the silent burglars wake
And ply their desperate trade of fear;
I shall not stir for their sweet sake
From my retirement here.

And when we've scraped the platter bright,
And quaff'd our fill of Allsop's ale,
I will beguile the hours of night
With laughter and with tale:

Will tell thee all the mirth and fun
That gladden a policeman's life,
And how the knowing ones may shun
The combat and the strife;

How in the deep'ning shades of night,
When many a midnight watch is set,
We hear the "voices of the tight"
Around the Haymarket.

On all alike we draw our staves,
And slaughter innocents as well,
And bound like bands of nigger slaves
We hale them to "the cell."

Save when the "silent shiner" heals
The surface of the itching hand,
Then Liberty her light reveals,
And prisons open stand.

I'll show thee how the "trick is done"
To grasp some coveted "reward";
I'll tell thee traits of Henderson,
Of Bruce and Scotland—Yard.

Or should some darker tale attract,
Or grim romance of olden time,
I will narrate some bloody act
Of *undiscovered* crime.

How for "five hundred" on the nail
We hunted long, a glorious meed;
Then as we sought to grasp his tail
We saw our "monkey" tree'd.

And oh! should jealousy refrain
From waking thoughts of pain in *thee*,
And base suspicion's breath abstain
From clinging unto *me*,

A softer tale thine ears might charm
Of beauty in forsaken shape,
Courting the bobby's steadying arm,
The shelter of his cape.

Then hie thee up and let me in
From out this cold forsaken beat,
Nor fear the horrors of my chin
Thy glowing lips to greet;

For this concession to our pride
To don the military hair,
Has bridged the gulf that did divide
The choices of the fair.

And now on equal terms may fight
For woman's heart so soft and true,
The man of war in scarlet dight,
The man of peace in blue.

The night is dark, and wet and cold,
Bright, dry, and warm your kitchen gleams,
Nor needs your Robert to be told
'Tis savoury tripe that steams.

And by my lantern and my belt,
And by this garter'd arm I swear,
Such appetite I never felt
To take my rations there.

CHARADE.

Tis curious, if my *whole* you do
You do my *first* unto my *second*;
(I can assure you this is true)
My *whole* a *necessary's* reckoned.

Solution to Enigma.—"The Letter R." Correct solutions received from Yellow and Black, A. McK, E. J. C., Dis, I. Bhocke, R. I. B., C. B. (Biggleswade, Beds), G. L. Higham, W. H. K. Loughton, Pimlico Tom Cat, Zeno, Corkscrew, Peeney Weeney, Baltic, Deus, Anonymous.

THE MAN IN THE STALLS.

THE little theatre in Wych-street—famous house and infamous locality—commenced a winter season on Saturday last, under the active presidency of Mr. W. H. Liston, who has begun his reign by a complete and tasteful renovation of the premises under his direction. The dramatic novelties were two—a drama and a farce,—of the latter of which it may be sufficient to say that it is called *Old Gooseberry*, is the work of Mr. T. J. Williams, and was fairly successful. The former is a dramatised version of several episodes in *David Copperfield*, gathered together by Mr. Andrew Halliday, and produced under the attractive head of *Little Em'ly*. The difficulty of putting a theatrical hook in the nose of Mr. Dickens's leviathans is so obvious, and has been so dismally illustrated in the many well-intentioned failures which have followed the attempt, that it need not be insisted on here. It is ill conjuring with the wand of "Boz," and it may be broadly stated that the satisfactory "conversion" of one of his matchless stories into a drama is as hopeless as is credibly reported to be the conversion of a Brahmin to Judaism. To say, therefore, that Mr. Halliday has accomplished his task as well as could have been expected, is, we consider, high praise. *Little Em'ly* is neither a faithful, spirited, nor even a quite coherent "adaptation;" but it is a piece of careful and ingenious work, and we do not know who could have done it better.

The portion of the story dealt with is principally, as indicated by the title, the episode of Little Em'ly, from her betrayal by Steerforth to her departure in the emigrant ship with her true-hearted uncle. With this main plot is worked in the villainy of Uriah Heep, the impecunious eccentricities of Mr. Micawber, and some passages in the grim life of Rosa Dartle, an union which has necessitated some rather arbitrary interference with the text, and a somewhat summary disposal of the *dramatis personæ*, who are made to gravitate to Yarmouth and Canterbury in defiance of probability, and to the confusion, we should imagine, of vehicular arrangements. Various modifications of the leading characters have also been found expedient, Steerforth and Little Em'ly herself being, in particular, "cut" to very insignificant proportions. But the action is, in the main, fairly and closely followed; and, with some excision, the dialogue is not altogether unworthy the great novelist. The play is, in fine, a fairly good and interesting one, which may, and no doubt will, be made better by the judicious application of cold steel.

The piece was fairly placed on the stage, though the principal "set"—an attempt to realise that transcendent piece of word-painting, "the Storm"—was a failure, and other parts of the scenery, though new and expensive, were not in the best taste. The acting was very unequal. Mr. Emery, as Dan'l Peggotty, succeeded in giving an excellent sketch of that "rough Sea-Porkypine" with the heart of a child; and Mr. Rowe achieved an even greater triumph with a far more difficult *rôle*, that of the inimitable Micawber. But Uriah Heep was vulgar, Steerforth feeble, and Ham a loutish clod, in whom the innate delicacy of fine feeling, so tenderly indicated in the original, found no place. The ladies were in the main satisfactory. Miss Patti Josephs is always charming; the only cause for regret being that she had so little opportunity for demonstrating the fact. Miss Emstone and Miss Fanny Addison were excellent as Martha and Rosa Dartle, but Mrs. Poynter, who ought to have made such a character her own, was a comparative failure in Miss Trotwood; and Mrs. Barkis displayed few of her well-known characteristics in the hands of Miss Jessie Earle. The other characters call for no remark.

On the same evening, a "new drama in three acts and a prologue," entitled *Escaped from Portland*, was submitted to the audience of the Princess's with a view to stay their stomachs until Mr. Boucicault's promised play is ready to be placed before them. *Escaped from Portland* is a row of wildly sensational incidents loosely threaded on a string of objectless talk, the combination being quite ineffectual in giving us any clue to the aim, object, or intention of the dramatist. Confusion is, in this respect, made worse confounded, by a printed "argument" circulated among the audience; after perusal of which we saw an aged gentleman (from the country) beat his breast secretly and pull his hair. The admirable acting of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews and Mr. George Vining lends to the piece its solitary attraction; but we cannot close our notice without complimenting the latter gentleman on his very exceptional honesty and candour in describing *Escaped from Portland* as "adapted from *Le Mangeur de Fer*."

Yet another new play! This time the *venue* is the Gaiety, where on Monday night was produced one of the gloomiest works that ever plunged the stalls into melancholy. *A Life Chase* is a translation—for it halts considerably on this side adaptation—of *Le Drame de la Rue de Paix*, a drama brought out a year since at the Odéon, founded in its turn on a novel by the same author, M. Adolphe Belat. The story, which, if dismal, is powerful and interesting, is briefly as follows:—Bertrand Alvimar has had the misfortune to kill his notary and *homme d' affaires* by a hasty blow in a quarrel. Suspicion falls on him, and he is arrested; but answers his interrogators so satisfactorily, and with so much candour, and demeans himself with such composure, that he is promptly released. A police agent (Vaubert), who is convinced of Alvimar's guilt, arranges a plot with the wife of the murdered man to entrap his assassin. Being young and handsome, she is to make the acquaintance of Bertrand, and having by the force of her charms brought him to her feet, to take advantage of his attachment to surprise the secret from him. Everything, with one small exception, turns out as the agent desires. The introduction takes place, the young man's interest turns to friendship, and friendship in its turn deepens to love. Unfortunately for her own peace, Madame Bouval in the attempt to secure Alvimar's heart, loses her own, and becomes rapidly convinced of the fallacy of her first suspicions. As desirous now for the failure as she had been for the success of her endeavours to prove Bertrand's guilt, she sees the successive collapse of Vaubert's schemes with satisfaction, and it is with reluctance that she permits the police agent to essay a final test—the sudden production of the dagger with which the deed was done. Even this proves futile, and Madame Bouval, impatient of further and unnecessary concealment, proclaims her name and relationship to the dead man. At this Alvimar's long-tried self-possession gives way, and owning his guilt, he stabs himself with the fatal weapon, and dies at the feet of the woman he has injured and loved. The plot, with its windings and developments, is, it will be seen, hardly adapted for the rapid action of the stage, on which, indeed, it occasionally plays the part of the "needlesss Alexandrine;" yet with some compression *The Life Chase* may be made a very effective piece, the Sepia tints of which may relieve the eternal red and gold of the burlesques with which it will be its fate to be associated. The impersonation of Mr. Wigan of the imperturbable assassin is beyond criticism. Mr. Clayton has a task somewhat beyond his strength in the delineation of a character like that of Vaubert, but he acquitted himself sufficiently well to prove that he has studied the part with care and intelligence. Madame Bouval is far more hopelessly out of the reach of Miss Neilson, who has much to unlearn as well as to learn. As she was, however, apparently suffering from cold, we will refrain from further compliments. The piece was placed on the stage with a liberality and completeness in every way worthy of the management of the Gaiety.

Fourthly, lastly, finally, and to conclude, we have to announce the commencement of one of those unexpected Lyceum seasons which, like Dora's love, appear generally to "begin in madness and end in despair." The manager is, on this occasion, Mr. Allerton; the piece with which he opens, *Still Waters Run Deep;* his star, Mr. Wybert Reeve. Every necessary purpose will be answered by this brief intimation, which friends at a distance may or may not accept as they feel inclined.

IN THE STREETS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fine weather, there is much uncleanness in the streets. We came but recently upon the trail of the funeral procession in London of the man, Martin; and in hunting phrase it may be said that the scent was strong, the flavour of the most popular of bulbs was breast-high, while the addition of a little treason and blasphemy completed the Sunday entertainment. Whether the mourners partook of gin-and-water or whelks either going or returning from the burial of this last of Ireland's heroes does not appear, but there was undoubtedly a decidedly piscatorial odour about the whole ceremonial. We do not object so much to the late exhibition as we do to those which take the form of blocking up our streets, and keeping all well-disposed people from the enjoyment of their undoubted right of free locomotion. It is not by any means pleasant, no doubt, to feel that we are paying police rates for the purpose of assisting at the displays of those who alone render it necessary that we should pay police rates at all. But it may possibly be the right way when the nuisance is once in motion to do everything to clear our streets as speedily as possible of the filthy stream. Like anything else gifted with life, no matter how low the form of organisation, the police are only carrying out their great first principle of "moving on;" be it man or beast, from an ox or an ass, down to a trade delegate or a Fenian. On this ground, and on this alone, can their conduct be justified. It may be that upon the occasion of the funeral of the late Mr. Thomas Sayers, or the Chief Baron Nicholson, or even of the immortal W(h)ilkes, who shed so much lustre upon the now fallen "*Star;*" we say, upon some or all of these occasions, the police may have had to assist in keeping the road clear from traffic, and, if so, they were, perhaps, but following precedent in keeping the course for the body of the illustrious patriot, killed in that most unromantic of all possible modes, through the instrumentality of a four-wheel cab. It is not altogether uninstructive to notice that all these devoted men invariably meet their death anywhere but in the field. An engagement in a cabbage garden is, at least, unfortunate; but the death of an Irish regenerator by and through the means of a four-wheel cab must be intolerable to the warlike mind of his gallant followers. The thing that is so monstrously unjust and cowardly, and that which we should continue to expose as long as political imbecility requires it, is the putting down the hoarse and ignorant, but, it may be, honest preacher in the park, and giving up the Nelson Column and the park to the unadulterated blasphemy of political garotters, and to all manner of uncleanness. The next sight that met our view was the ghastly corpse of the *Morning Star*. It was the body apparently of some one who had never attained maturity. It was stunted and emaciated, and had never, to all appearance, been properly nourished. The clothes were shabby and of a peculiar cut, and there was a hat with a broad brim lying beside the corpse. The police are of opinion that it must have been starved to death, as nothing was found in the stomach but wind, and there was no money in the pockets. There was, however, a scrap of paper directed to some one at Birmingham, but the name was illegible. It was to the effect that after wandering about the streets both *morning* and *evening* he had been refused even so much as a penny, and unless he secured money from Birmingham shortly he felt he could not longer bear up against his misfortunes. The countenance betokened the worst passions that disgrace our nature. It was hard, cold, and calculating—quite devoid of any human sympathies, and looked like that of one who, if he had ever obtained power, would use it in the most tyrannical and arbitrary manner. We turned away from this melancholy spectacle to ask a bystander if he knew who the body had belonged to. He informed us, as we have said, that it was the mortal remains of the poor *Morning Star*, and he feared there would be but few mourners. Often, did he tell us, had he in pity given the fellow a penny, but he never liked the look of him, and once he had seen him do a gentleman out of a "fiver" at the three card trick, in order to hire a room to lecture upon the rights of property, the evils of gambling, and the wrongs of the working-classes. We asked our informer where he thought he had gone to; to which he answered that he was a believer in the doctrine of metempsychosis, and that such little soul as the fellow had, had transmigrated into the body of a well-known Yankee, called the *Daily News*, and he further added that it must be, he feared, in consequence of some horrible crime committed by the latter in some past state or condition; and that, as far as he could learn, the last state of this man was likely to be considerably worse than the first.

Going further on we heard a report that the Bishopric of Exeter was to be given to a person called Dr. Temple. Now, we have heard this name before, and it is that of a mere translation from the German. If Mr. Gladstone really does this thing, it will only confirm us in a belief we have long entertained, that Mr. Gladstone cares quite as much for the Church as his master, Mr. John Bright; and we fancy we can see the meaning of this last most flagrant and scandalous outrage upon the Church. A much maligned poet just now, says, somewhere or other, that "a woman scorned" surpasses even any inhabitant of Hades in the depth and bitterness of her hate. But the "distempered ambition," the undying hate of the ex-member for Oxford towards his old friends, seems to dwarf all other hates and passions. It is plain that he wishes to uproot the Church. Almost to a man they voted against him—not only at their own homes, but at Oxford, they gave him to understand that they had found him out. They are an obstacle in his path; so they must go. But how to remove them? The opposition would be powerful: he might be defeated if he attacked them openly from without. But what and if the request for disestablishment

came from within? And what better plan than to make a scandalous use of his patronage—such a use as should drive men to say, "Anything but this: take all; strip us of every thing, but we will not have, if we know it, false pastors in our own fold"? And so it has to some extent already come to pass—already have a meeting of the clergy proclaimed that willingly, they will not have Dr. Temple and his selections from the Bible—sooner far would they see the Church at once put beyond the power of an unscrupulous minister to manipulate for political purposes. Now we have two very strong objections to the appointment of Dr. Temple. The first is that the opinions that he has borrowed and adopted are not those of the Church, and that he would not have the confidence of one single Churchman in his diocese. But what is worse than this in the eyes of some persons is, that Dr. Temple is so poor of his kind; there is nothing really original or remarkable about him, except his self-conceit and self-assertion, unless it be his unfortunately but too well-founded presumption upon the ignorance of the British public. *Essays and Reviews* showed two things—first, that the writers were shrewd men; shrewd because they saw that their secondhand rubbish, if solemnly produced and published with a preface by a facile dean, fond of romance, would be taken as new. But the Essays themselves, as everybody knows, were shallow and vain, and showed very clearly that the writers were not half acquainted with their subject. Dr. Temple's was clean borrowed, and that without acknowledgment, from the German. Dr. Temple is not by any means intellectually dangerous. If anyone wants to read his and the Dean's works before being weakened by a poor translation, let him go to Mr. David Nutt, in the Strand, and ask him to recommend the originals in German. And still the cup of bitterness was not yet full.

We had only to take up the *Times* to find the old announcement which they evidently have ready stereotyped, of the death of Lord Derby. We don't ask for good feeling of any kind from the *Times*. Such a man as Lord Derby, in his honour, consistency, and high-souled conduct, is beyond the apprehension of the *Times*; but surely decency at least forbids that in the unseemly haste to be the first to announce his death, there should be some little care taken, not to wound the feelings of those, and their name is legion, who regard Lord Derby as the first man in England, and would look on his death as a national calamity.

The contest in the City has turned out as we thought, and poor Alderman Besley has been prettily jockeyed by his rival. In this case it would seem the bets are not to follow the stakes. This is not as it should be, but it shows very clearly to what a position of partisanship is the Prime Minister reduced—the Lord Mayor is one of Mr. Gladstone's tame cats, and accordingly he is at all hazards to be rewarded with a baronetcy. What he has done to entitle him to be put up for re-election—what claim he has to be nominated for a baronetcy, except his political docility—it is quite beyond us even to conjecture. But really it appears that, although a Lord Mayor may strew the carpet with lost aspirates, yet if he does not throw about his food when at table, does not defile his neighbour's wife, does not get intoxicated at the civic entertainments, and by the aid of Mr. Oke does not make himself more than usually ridiculous in the Justice room, the extraordinary concurrence of these rather negative virtues is a sufficient recommendation for his re-election, or for the attainment of almost the highest honours in the power of a Prime Minister to bestow. We thought as we walked along that there is much need of the scavengers in our streets.

The Sporting Man.

TURF TALK.

BY "THE OUTSIDER."

Any unbeliever in the falling fortunes of the Turf should have visited Newmarket last Tuesday—the Cesarewitch day; and if the half-empty town, coupled with the almost deserted heath, did not make him a convert, nothing on earth would. The miserable array of carriages, the small sprinkling of horsemen, and the few hundreds on foot, made up what will, no doubt, be described by some of the Press as a distinguished and important gathering!

A charge is now made of 10s. for the admission of carriages on the heath! What is Newmarket now but a gate meeting? How can it be separated from one, either in extortion or badness of sport? Five starters for the Cesarewitch Trial Handicap! Why, West Drayton can beat that form!

The first day's racing requires no notice whatever at my hands; the betting that day does however, for the commencement of it saw one of my selections for the Cesarewitch, Vacuum, knocked out, and the close of it saw another of my bow strings, Phantom, nearly first favourite. Vacuum met with a horrible accident on Saturday. Whilst doing almost his last galop he put his foot into a hole and smashed it fearfully. William Day, I am told, locked the two boys up who saw the accident; but, in spite of this precaution, it got wind on Sunday night, and but very little, if any money was saved. Having selected Vacuum as one of my champions at 66 to 1, it was very hard lines for me, after seeing him first favourite, that he should have been put out of court by such a mishap. Some of the sporting Press were continually assuring their readers that Starter had a chance second to none if allowed to run, and would have nothing to do with Vacuum. One sporting writer, on Wednesday, went so far as to say that, had Vacuum run, he would probably have finished behind his stable companion—Our Mary Ann. Now, what are the facts of the case? If they are not as I now write them, I say that my prophecy of Vacuum, at 66 to 1, was a bad one; but if they are true, as *I know them to be* in every material point, I leave my readers to judge the sort of horse I put them on for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire.

Vacuum was considered the greatest certainty for the Cesarewitch ever known, and the stable he was trained in, possessed Dulcibella, who won the Cesarewitch by ten lengths"! Vacuum had not only been tried so highly that Starter could not have won with 5st. 8lbs., but his owner would, after the Cambridgeshire, have been content to make a match with him, and any other three-year-old, over the Cesarewitch course, at even weights. Had he gone to the post he would have been backed against the field; and his owner, up to the time when the accident occurred, stood to win £30,000 by him. In fact, the stable considered the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire within their grasp; it was only a question of health and bar accidents.

So much for Vacuum. My second string, John Davis, selected by me when upwards of 20 to 1 was obtainable, ran out and across the course, and ran a good second after seeing 5 to 1. My third selection, Phantom, chosen by me when 66 to 1 was obtainable, saw hedging at 4 to 1; and, although he ran nowhere and of course not up to his trial, such a hedge was equivalent to a victory. My fourth and last selection, Fairwind, did not run; he was shunted at the last moment for Cecil; and the wisdom for doing so was exemplified by the fact that Cecil was never in the race. Mr. Naylor, at last, has won a good race, and at a good price; but it was lucky for him Vacuum met with an accident, or Chérie would never have been first past the judge's chair. Such a bad lot of horses never contested a race like the Cesarewitch before, and the only two that ran in it that can have any chance for the Cambridgeshire are Chérie and Sylva. The Baron ran both his horses, but as one was a favourite and the other had no chance, they might just as well have been in their stables. Taraban ran well a long way, and the parties behind John Davis and Sylva were properly rewarded for their tri ks by getting second and fifth. John Davis evidently was thought to be a moral, but he was beaten very easily at last, although he lost at least two lengths half a mile away from home by swerving across the course. How can Phantom's position in the race be explained? Why, he had not the *ghost* of a chance, and yet so heavily was he backed (Captain Machell and his party going for him) that at the start it was difficult to get an offer about him in the ring. Such running is past finding out, and I am sure the horse will do better in the short race, as he ran very fast for a mile; and the extra fortnight's work will do him a great deal of good.

I last week selected five for the Cambridgeshire, viz., Chérie, 25 to 1—Faraway, 25 to 1—Typhœus, 25 to 1—Defender, 33 to 1—and Vacuum, 100 to 6. Vacuum's accident has put him out of court, and of the others, Chérie is at 10 to 1, Faraway at 7 to 1, and Typhœus at 11 to 1.

I have, therefore, it will be seen, put my followers on the first three favourites for the Cambridgeshire at a very fair price—25 to 1 each, and unless Mr. Payne's mare meets with an accident like Vacuum, or goes amiss like the Katherine Logie colt, or is milked like See-Saw was for the Cesarewitch, I believe they are on the winner, for if my information be correct, and I have every reason to believe it is, she is *Faraway* the best horse in the race. Although I have heard on very good authority that Prior is certain to win this race, I cannot say I have much faith in any favourite hailing from the quarter he comes from, and it will be time enough to back him when he sees the post, and then only for a sum sufficient to cover outlays on other horses.

The only other race of the meeting which calls for any comment is that for the Middle Park Plate. It certainly was a magnificent sight to see Frivolity, Sunshine, and Kingcraft come away from the rest of the field locked together, and almost making a dead heat of it. Some people may attribute the victory of Frivolity to the fact that Sunshine was cannoned against by Kingcraft at an important period of the race. Others may say that the 3lbs. extra carried by Sunshine was enough to turn the scale. I have no faith in either of these suggestions. Sunshine is undoubtedly the better mare, and quite capable of giving Frivolity 3lbs. and a beating; and as to the cannoning there was nothing in it. The real explanation is, that Frivolity never won the race at all. It is true it was awarded her by a long head, but the *long* head was Chaloner's, not hers. Such a brilliant piece of riding, by any other jockey, has never been seen since Butler left the saddle, and yet this crack jockey is allowed time after time to stand down whilst others, to whom he could give a stone, and then lose them, are mounted. A gread deal of nonsense is often talked about the "splendid riding" of Wells or Fordham, when the fact is neither one nor the other can hold a candle to Chaloner "at the finish." Wells can send a horse along well enough, and is a good judge of pace, but is nothing at a finish unless he has tons in hand; and as to Fordham, whilst he is unrivalled "at the start," he is not in the same street with Chaloner when the pinch comes in the last twenty yards. Last week I coupled the Katherine Logie colt with Sunshine to supply the winner of this race, and that very day the latter went amiss. In future, when a casualty like that which happened to Vacuum, or when any animal I may have selected for a large race "goes amiss," like the Katherine Logie colt, I will advertise my substitute in the *Sportsman* on the day of the race, and so give my readers the benefit I receive myself of daily information from head-quarters. The Katherine Logie colt was tried the equal of Frivolity at even weights, and although the latter's public and private form was considered to give her a chance second to none out of the stable, yet if the Katherine Logie colt had kept well, it was considered a *certainty* for him. When he went amiss I backed the mare, and I believe I thereby obtained a better price about the winner than I should have done had the colt not gone amiss. At the same time I should not recommend an investment on the Katherine Logie colt for the Derby. The King Tom's rarely train on and for that reason, I will have nothing to do with either him or Kingcraft at their present prices for the Epsom race. I believe it will be found that neither Sunshine nor Kingcraft will ever run as well again after the terrible "bucketting" they received, and to take 6 to 1 about either of them, especially the horse, for the Derby, is simply an act of lunacy. I hope we have heard the last of those two third-raters, Hawthornden and Normanby. I think the Middle Park Plate must have settled *their* pretensions, and in fact there was nothing behind the first four, for Mr. Blenkiron's prize likely to be heard of again in connection with the Derby.

A pack of hounds out cub-hunting last week "found," in a grocer's shop, and devoured six pounds of the best long sixes. It was noticed that they ran for the rest of the day with a burning scent.

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Printed by JOHN MOORE, of 4A, Exeter Street, Strand; and Published for the Proprietors at 19, Tavistock Street Covent Garden, London, W.C.—October 16, 1869.